



dpz

turn
off
the
radio

the
mixtape
volume 1

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Turn Off The Radio"

Woohooohooohooohoo...
Crank up yo' speakers!

[Stic.]

To all my (niggaz)
Every hustlin (nigga)
Strugglin (niggaz)
Revolutionary (niggaz)
Gang-bangin (niggaz)
Chain-gangin (niggaz)
Tune yo' frequency...

I refuse to be a stereotype in ya box
Never wanna try to be somethin I'm not
I'm just a nigga from the block, if you got it twist it
Stay blowin on green, if you got it, twist it on up
DP's givin a fuck - R.B.G.'d up in some gangsta chucks
Throw ya fist up homie if ya know what's up
All my comrades puttin in soldier work
We rollin dirty wit it, fully dedicated
So real that the radio'll never play it
But that's cool, the enemy supposed to hate it
Freedom ain't gon' come til we regulate 'em
That's why I'm in the dojo, not just for the video
Really though, we really got beef with the po-po (woop-woop)
Never know when they gon' put you in a chokehold
This is for you new niggaz, holdin for the radio

[Chorus]

Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!

[phone rings]

[M-1] People's Radio

[Stic.] Yo hang up, that's the police

[M-1]

What's on the radio, propoganda, mind control
And turnin it on is like puttin on a blindfold
Cuz when you bringin the real you don't get ro-tation
Unless you take over the station
And yeah I know it's part of they plans

To make us think it's all about party and dancin
And yo it might sound good when you spittin your rap
But in reality, don't nobody live like that
You wanna know what kinda nigga I am?
Lemme tell you 'bout the nigga I'm not - I don't fuck with the cops
Platinum don't mean that it gotta be hot
I ain't gotta love it, even if they play it a lot
You can hear it when you walk the streets
How many people they reach, how they use music to teach
A "radio program" ain't a figure of speech
Don't sleep, cuz you could be a radio freak (freak-freak y'all)

[Chorus]

Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!

[Stic.] People's Radio, you on the air
[caller] I got a phat chain, I got a phat whip
[caller] I got a... *hang-up*
[Stic.] Nigga get off that bullshit!

[high-pitched voice]

Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin for the people
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter

[Stic. x2]

Freak-freak y'all, to the beat y'all
DP's dawg, we got the heat dawg
People's Radio, on ya stereo
For the ghettos, and the varrio

[high-pitched voice]

Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin for the people

Dead Prez Lyrics

"That's War!"

[M-1: over "Whoa!" beat]

the cops stop you just cause you black THAT'S WAR
run your prints through the system THAT'S WAR
when they call my hood a drug zone THAT'S WAR
slum lords charge me for the rent THAT'S WAR
why they so rich and we poor THAT'S WAR
if you young and black you sell crack THAT'S WAR
the White House is the rock house THAT'S WAR
George Bush coming out his mouth THAT'S
WAR chillen on the corner with your gang THAT'S WAR
popo do the same damn thing THAT SWAR
when they murdered Amado Dialo THAT'S WAR
marching through the streets is a strategy of WAR
knowing self defense is a strategy of WAR
soldiers try to link with other soldiers THAT'S WAR
Revolutionaries gotta know the art of WAR
What about hip hop use that fuck a rap battle what about a gat battle lets
take it to the beast and see which cat tattle
Is it 'Kiss vs. Beans or P vs. Hov'
What about the real niggaz vs. the 5-0
This is M-1, DP, don't you forget
Cause you can talk talk talk but it don't mean shit
I ain't gotta pop your top to see where your brains went
This rap shit is bigger then entertainment
It's the people vs. the pigs when it all boils down
It ain't 'Pac vs. Big it;s whos getting the power
And power ain't money dog its self determination
Like taking Hot and making this the real People's Station
THAT'S WAR

Dead Prez Lyrics

"We Need A Revolution"

I'm tired
I'm tired
I'm tired of struggalin dog.
I'm tired of struggalin dog.

The system ain't gonna change,
unless we make it change.

The white is the rock house,
Uncle Sam is the motha fuckin' pusher man.
What I gotta do to make sure ya understand?
Spinnin' on the beat-box Timbaland,
What I gotta do?
Kidnap a lil'
take a melody?
Make it relevant? Hold a harmony hostage
to these people, army verses,
that's the arms in the churches,
bombs in the purses,
just when you think it's calm on the surface,
we bomb on the first,
Uncle Tom get nervous and reverse.
Revolutionary curse words
First come, first served.
It ain't no loss, though,
Freedom cost blood
that's the word to the mouth bird, nigga.

We need a revolution,
We need a revolution,
The system ain't gonna change unless we make it change.
[x2]

(Black Power) We need a revolution, (Army G's)
We need a revolution, (Army G's)
The system ain't gonna change (Army G's) unless we make it change. (Nigga this that Army G's)
[x2]

Gotta a cure for AIDS and cancer,
wanna know come follow me now?
Diabetes and citracelli and mad cow wanna know how?
I can stop these cops from killin',
I can feed these hungry children,
I can stop racism, a product of cap-it-a-lism.
I can unpack the prisons,
and turn religion back to we livin'
I can stop the bloods from pillin' caps

and the crypts from pillin' back
and get yo' cousin off crack,
I can stop the war,
that's in the black hood,
Send the money right back to the po' fo' sho an'
if you with me nigga, let me know
let's go, if ya really wanna know
(I wanna know.)
(We need a revolution)
Mutha fuck they constitution

Army G's off in this think
they hip to the game,
gettin' off the chains

The system ain't gonna change,
unless we make it change.

You are now listening to WIBG,
the People's radio

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Know Your Enemy"

[stic.man & m1 talking]

[m1:] ugh, know what I mean?

[stic.man:] I can't believe these niggas

[m1:] gon' flip they scurve, these niggas, what?

[stic.man:] mo'fuckin star spangled banner shit

[m1:] yeah, I can't even- yo, fuck that, i'm not fuckin with this shit

i'm not fuckin with none of these niggas

[stic.man:] red, white and blue thugs, now

[m1:] ugh

[stic.man:] that's how it's goin down niggas

[m1:] straight r.b.g.'s (r.b.g.'s), for life, for life

[stic.man:] y'all talk bout the rocks on your watch

[m1:] know that

[stic.man:] y'all niggas don't even know what time it is

[m1:] yeah, ugh, you betta

[chorus:]

[stic.man & m1]

know your enemy, know yourself

that's the politic

george bush is way worse than bin laden is

know your enemy, know yourself

that's the politic

f.b.i., c.i.a., the real terrorists

know your enemy, know yourself

that's the politic

george bush is way worse than bin laden is

know your enemy, know yourself

that's the politic

c.i.a., f.b.i. the real terrorists

[stic.man]

you got to watch what you say in these days and times

It's a touchy situation, lotta fear and emotion

september 11th

televised world-wide

suicide planes fallin like bombs from out the sky

they wasn't aimin at us

not at my house

they hit the world trade, the pentagon, and almost got the white house

now everybody walkin round patriotic

how we gon' fight to keep freedom when we ain't got it?

you wanna stop terrorists?

start with the u.s. imperialists

ain't no track record like america's, see

bin laden was trained by the c.i.a

but I guess if you a terrorist for the u.s
then it's okay
uh huh

[m1]

they try to make us think we crazy
but I know what they doin, they tryna put us back in slavery
check it, to get on welfare you gotta get your fingerprints
soon ya gotta do eyescans to get your benefits
now they got them cards to swipe, ain't no more foodstamps
shoulda seen it comin, now it's too late to get amped
and everything got a barcode
so they know what you got, when you got it, and what you still owe
you seen them projects, lately you better watch it
why they got us surrounded if money is the object?
why they use satellites to keep track of the criminals?
why they puttin jails in schools, is it subliminal?
cameras everywhere to protect us from one another
or is it the undercover, disguised as big brother
and even freedom of speech is limited
mad leaders done spoke up, and look at what these crackas did

[chorus]

[m1]

and you ain't got to believe me
go 'head and listen to bush
the dope pusher on the t.v
what you think the war is for?
cause the greedy wantin more and more
we be hustlin the corridor
I would never join the military
one soldier to another, nigga holla if ya hear me
go in out to the best sons and daughters
don't be a lamb gettin led to the slaughter
I'ma keep ridin when my momma released
cause ain't no stoppin us now, dawg
freedom before peace
ugh
they got a plan for us?
we got a plan for them
and this time we gon' win
who in? you out? you in?
no doubt, we men
ain't no ridin the fence
It's called self-defense
It makes sense
when they tell us we gotta shackles on our brains (say what?)
I'll be damned if I sit here and let them put us back in chains

[singing]

at the bonfires of the city
I've seen blood (*[stic.man:]* a'what?...)

blood ([*stic.man:*] a'what?...)

blood ([*stic.man:*] a'what?...)

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Look Around"

[woman singing]

[stic.man] Beatnuts, dead prez

[woman] What I wanna sayyy

[stic.man and/or m1]

Everytime I look around, I see

So much drama goin down

Everytime I look around, I see

So much fakeness goin down

[stic.man]

Why I'ma- be stingy when I could share?

Why I'ma- be hateful if I could care?

Why would I hate my own?

Or forsake my own?

Why would I- fuck around and get a jake on my chrome?

I wouldn't- have to stick you if we all could eat

It wouldn't be no need for beef

Dyin over streets we don't even own anyway

You could get bucked off anyday

We behind enemy lines

Y'all still writin Hennessy rhymes

While I'm tryna find a good price for a nine

Feel like my life on the line

That's why a nigga be hype all the time

Ready for the revolution at the drop a'a dime

[m1]

I got a duty to have security for my niggas

My duty to serve the beautiful black sistas

A duty to stand wit' anybody that's wit' us

And fully criticize all bullshittas

There should be awards presented- to niggas who fight back

Like Panther jackets, or sistas who light gats

I'm a full-blooded warrior, ready for change

Recognize any soldier that's doin the same

Because I love who I am, and that means everything to me

My life ain't worth a damn unless I'm dealin with reality

When I look myself in the eyes, it's just me

And I don't have to tell nobody no lies, I feel free

And I would rather deal with the truth and falsehood

Than bein fake with my people and claimin 'it's all good'

You can't run away from ya self, so that's useless

If your word is bond, then you don't have to make excuses

Everytime I look around, I see

So much drama goin down

Hold up! *[intro to 'Old School Survival']*

[crowd] Wait a minute!

Let's take it back to the old school

[man talking] Yo, 'memba back in the day?

When sh- everything was all smooth 'n calm

And shit was like- *[other man]* snap? on, nigga

Yo man, I'm doin it, I'm doin it man

I'm sayin like-'memba back in like in '70

Fuckin '79, Nah, nah '87! Tha's my favorite

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hip-Hop (RBG Mix)"

You are listening to the sounds of the RBGs, Turn Off The Radio, tune your frequency.
This is DPz nigga, Revolutionary But Gangsta, holla back!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop
(Come again...break them chains, come on!)
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop
(Break them chains, come on!)

Who shot 2Pac? If we don't get them they gon get us all
I'm down for runnin up on them crackas in the City Hall
We ride for yall, all my dogs stay real
nigga don't think these record deals gon feed your seeds and pay your bills because they not
Emcees get a little bit a lovin think they hot
Talkin bout how much money they got, nigga all your records sound the same
I'm sick of that fake thug R&B rap scenario all day on the radio
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material, yall don't here me though
These record labels slang our tapes like dope
You can be next in line and signed and still be writing rhymes and broke
You rather have a Lexus? or justice?
a dream or some substance?
a Beamer a necklace or freedom?
See a nigga like me don't play a hate, I just stay awake it's real hip hop
and it don't stop till we get these crackers off out block! (C'mon)

We be DP RBG for life, TURN OFF THE RADIO!
The revolution won't be televised, TURN OFF THAT BULLSHIT!
We be DP RBG for life, TURN OFF THE RADIO!

One thing bout music when it hit you feel no pain
white folks take control of your brain, I know better than that
that's game and we ready for that
Two soldiers head of the pack, matter of fact who got the gat?
And where my army at?
Rather attack and not react
back to beats it don't reflect on how many records get sold
on sex drugs and rock-n-roll
whether your projects' put on hold
In the real world, it's just people with ideas
They just like me and you when the smoke and camera disappear
Again the real world
it's bigger than all these fake-ass records
When po' folks got the millions and my sisters' disrespected
If you "Check 1-2" my word of advise to you is just relax
Just do what you got to do, if that don't work then kick the facts
If you a fighter, ryder, biter, flame-ignitor, crowd-exciter, Or you wanna
jus' get high, then just say it
But then if you a liar-liar, pants on fire, wolf-crier, agent wit' a wire I'm

gon' know it when I play it
It's bigger than..

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (We be DP RBG for life) TURN OFF THE RADIO!
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (the revolution won't be televised) TURN OFF THAT
BULLSHIT!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (We be DP RBG for life) TURN OFF THE RADIO!
The revolution won't be televised TURN OFF THE RADIO!

My neck...my back...they put a noose on my neck and whips on my back!
My neck...my back...you got a tie around your neck but they breakin your back!
My neck...my back...they put a noose on my neck and whips on my back!
My neck...my back...and if you got BLING on your neck you better watch your back!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..
(nigga it's bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..
(it's still bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..
(nigga it's bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop...TURN OFF THE RADIO!

Word up! Eyes open fist clenched. Dare to struggle dare to win
Goin out to all the ryders
RBG love, that's Revolutionary But Gangsta!
Word up! My whole team! [?], D-Don,
Stik Daddy Dolla\$, Maintain hold strong!
Fred Hampton, Jr., we got they eyes on them
We know they got they eyes on you, word up, everybody doin time
Minimum, medium...maximum, super maximum security concentration camps
All the ryders we right there with you!
RBG LOVE! It's goin out like that!
Everybody, push that middle finger up in the air
to George Bush if you know what time it is!
Yeah! Turn off the motherfuckin radio!

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Sellin' D.O.P.E."

Drugs oppress the people every day

sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle to hustle just to eat

aint no hope in the streets, you broke you sell dope
all my young niggaz outside hustlin coke
know the drama, if you aint sellin crack then its ganja
I been through it dun, hittin niggaz two for one
pullin guns out and bustin my shits too
what? I aint give a fuck
I used to get a rush when i bust mine
backin up my nickle and dimes
goin thru difficult time
writin my life story in rhyme
but when I look at all the niggas
they hit with mad time
in proportion with the big king pins it dont fit
you could get caught with barely a half a slab
and the judge sentence you like you ran the ave
I aint plan to get rich fom sellin that shit
it was survival
my game plan was not to get knocked by 5-0
but who am I
just a young nigga caught in the mix
and if this weed dont sell I'm'a cop me a brick

sellin dope, servin weed, we had to hustle to hustle just to eat
sellin dope, servin weed, we had to hustle to hustle just to eat

its been a minute snce I been in the game
some years back I held crack
I couldn't say the same thing
ask my niggas bang double and rowley
we was trouble got the fiends spot bubbling hot
we wouldnt never make a lot
I mean not like scarface or nino brown
or george bush no matter what you push
it was politics and camera tricks
very deceptive
criminal lies
us in fooled with the collective
for the most part we don't own no boats and planes
we just cop it from poppi
bag it in the cellophane
its a family thing
you got to hustle all night
yo I seen fiends losing they brains for hard white

ask my aunt and my brother and my stressed out mother
how realistic it gets its sadistic
statistics show its sick how we livin
the one thing bigger than dope games is prisons
one million niggas inside
over three million is tied and plus the president lied
because the white house is the rock house
uncle sam the pusha man
this is for my people on the island

sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle to hustle just to eat
sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle just to eat

but what we gon do when we caught up
and have to face responsibility?
(this that ghetto shit, this that ghetto shit)

what we gon do when we caught up
and have to face responsibility?
(this that ghetto shit, this that ghetto shit)

out on the block, white tee shirt, army fatigues
niggas hold crack in they mouth watchin for D
sellin dope, you know how it beez
tryin to get that government cheese
and the D's yell freeze

sellin dope, white tee shirt, army fatigues
niggas hold crack in they mouth watchin for D
sellin dope, you know how it beez
tryin to get that government cheese
and the D's yell freeze

tallahassee up in this bitch
my nigga maintain, nimrod
my nigga percent, abu
my brother troy locked up
huey newton rest in peace
south rowley, california
brooklyn, dean street
dead prez 98
get it straight
and all my family and my whole army
get it straight